

THE ROLLA EXPRESS.

ROLLA, PHELPS COUNTY, MO., JULY 30, 1860.

NO. 3.

EXPRESS.

MONDAY.

OF, IN ADVANCE.

Without wrappers.

CARDS.

ARON VANWAMMER.

Law, Phelps County.

CO. F. HARRINGTON.

Law, Rolla; Phelps county.

S. E. corner of Main and Fourth

St.

M. MC GUIRE.

Counselor at Law, Rolla,

Mo. Office near the Court

House.

S. G. WILLIAMS.

at Law, permanently located at

Phelps county, Mo.

J. L. HUTCHISON.

Attorney at Law, Rolla, Mo. Office, Tif-

finery House, with H. S. Clark, Esq.

H. S. CLARK.

Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Land

Agent. Prompt attention paid to the

collection of debts and the payment of

taxes for non-residents. Lands sold for

Taxes redeemed. Office at the Tiffin

House.

J. G. MARSHALL & A. DE NORMANDIA.

Resident Practising Physicians. Dr. Ma-

shall will attend to all surgery and ob-

stetric cases. Rolla.

E. W. BISHOP.

Proprietor of Bishop's Addition to the town

of Rolla. Lots, situated in the most

valuable portion of town for sale.

E. W. JAMES.

of James' Addition to Rolla.

located in the vicinity of the

of the South-western branch Rail-

road. Address Rolla, Mo.

HENRY ANDERSON.

Meats and Groceries store. A large

stock kept constantly on hand which can

be relied on for quality which will be

cheap as the cheapest.

WILLIAM WILSON.

Sign, and Ornamental Painter and

Decorative Paper-hanging, Graining, Mar-

bling and gilding done with neatness and

dispatch and on the most reasonable terms.

D. E. PARSONS.

Proprietor of the Rolla Lumber Yard.—

Dealer in building lumber generally.

Floors ready matched and dressed.

Dressed Weather-boarding furnished to

order.

D. F. LENOX.

Western Saloon and Tap. Main

Street, opposite the Tiffin House, Rolla.

ISAAC C. PENN.

Plastering carried on in its various

branches. Orders left at residence, or

at the office of Eight

will be promptly attended to.

J. A. SCHMIDT.

Contractor. Is prepared to undertake the

construction of masonry, stone, brick

and House work. Job

done with neatness and at the cheapest

terms. Give him

a call.

MELL & CO.

Painters and Glaziers. Description of

House, sign and ornamental painting ex-

ecuted in the neatest and most workman-

like manner, and on the most reasonable

terms.

W. D. BARDEN.

House Builders, Carpenter

Contracts taken for all kinds of

and Joiner work. Prompt

to business taken in

Rolla. Give him

a call.

DANIEL D. B.

House, Sign, Carriage and

Rolla. Paper, h

Wall-papering, &c. &c.

and dispatch. Charges

reasonable.

R. R. WOOD.

Blacksmith. Horseshoe

and Blacksmithing of

promptly and cheaply ex-

ecuted on reasonable terms.

Call on

A HEROINE OF TO-DAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The blow fell suddenly, and the young husband and father was stricken down ere the smallest provision had been made for the future, stricken down in the morning of his years, ere his loins were fairly girded for the battle of life. A young, frail, inexperienced woman, now a widow, and three little ones, were left behind, penniless and friendless.

In a city hot-bed, Margaret Mason grew up daintily. She had been taught the fine arts of dancing, flower-painting and the like, could play a few pieces on the piano with passable skill, and had some little knowledge of the French language. From the time she was seventeen she went into company. For the most part, her days passed idly, or in the next thing to idleness, novel-reading; while her evenings lapsed pleasantly away in making visits or receiving visitors, with now and then the more exciting diversity of the play, opera, concert, ball or party. The twin ideas of "use and duty" came not to her, perception in her brain; she lived to no purpose but to enjoy.

Was she of wealthy parentage? No! Had she large exceptions in her future? Nothing of the kind! Margaret Mason was an orphan, and dependent on a kind but not wise relative who brought her up as too many girls are brought up in our large cities. He gave her a showy, superficial education, dressed her as well as his means would allow, and put her in the way of getting a start in the world by marriage. Young men only just a little better fitted to enter upon the stern, hard work of life are generally won by the small attractions of just such girls as Margaret Mason. In the present case, a clerk whose moderate salary of six hundred a year had scarcely met his own wants was the one found captive in the gossamer web of our young enchantress. His name was Albert Leslie.

They were married, and with a small flourish of trumpets. There were presents, party-givings and wordy congratulations, and then our young adventurers on the sea of matrimony were left to steer their own course in life and enjoy its sunny days, or do battle amid its storms. Margaret went forth from the home of her relative, where she had been tenderly cared for since the days of childhood, went forth with her young husband never again to return. Death soon after entered that home, removing its founder and stay, and its members were scattered like shrunk leaves by the winds of autumn.

We will not write of the young bride's first sombre experiences. They came as they come to all who trust life's precious freight in frail vessels and upon unknown seas. At the end of three years, her husband, who had proved "unfortunate" in a business venture, resolved to go west. Margaret, now the weak, exhausted, nervous young mother of two children, had scarcely energy enough left for objection, could she have fully comprehended all that was involved in such a movement; and so the step was taken. Their destination was Chicago, where Leslie was promised a clerkship in a forwarding house. In this new world, the young wife and mother was lost. A few articles of furniture brought from the east, enlarged by some additions made at the point of their destination, enabled them to commence that heartless.

housekeeping in a small tenement far away in the suburbs, at a rent that would consume nearly half of Mr. Leslie's salary. The house was guiltless of modern conveniences, and the almost helpless young wife soon found that the new world into which she had intruded was quite as guiltless of other aids to comfortable housekeeping. And now, with Mrs. Leslie, life's battle commenced in earnest. Love for her husband and children made strong a sense of duty; and weak and unskilled as she was, she accomplished wonders in the way of creating home comforts out of the slender materials that lay in such unpromising shapes around her. Not half of her time was she able to retain a servant; and so, in the intervals, her small delicate hands came in rough contact with tea-kettle and washing-board. If the duty was hard, wearisome, and exhausting, the frail young woman did not shrink away from it; nor even sit down and fold her hands to weep for a season. Love was very strong in her heart, and for the sake of her beloved ones she held not back; and so the little household never lost, in her husband's eyes, its look of order or air of comfort. And if Margaret's face wore often an aspect of weariness, or was pale and languid, it showed nothing of peevishness or discontent. The strange eyes that caught an occasional glimpse of the pale little woman moving about her house or gliding along on her way to market or the store, guessed no adequate cause to her daily trials.

A year after their removal to Chicago, another child was born, making the number of human blossoms three. It was just six months from this time when Mr. Leslie sickened and died, leaving, as we said in the beginning, a young, frail, inexperienced woman, and three little ones, penniless and friendless. Almost literally was this true; for the salary of Mr. Leslie had proved barely sufficient to meet their daily wants. He died leaving his family nothing but their clothes, and the scant furniture the house contained.

A little while the stricken wife lay stoned and prostrate; the dead cannot wait, and so all the solemn ceremonies went on, even to the burial. A few sympathizing neighbors offered words of comfort that came with no meaning to the mourner's ears; and then one after another retired, and the bereaved woman was left alone, with her orphaned little ones. Bewilderment succeeded. The very stay and support of their lives had been suddenly removed and what now remained for them but to lie down and perish by the way? The blackness of darkness gathered over the mind of Mrs. Leslie. She looked upwards; there was no light; she strained her eyes into the surrounding gloom, but could trace no path into which her feet might venture.

From this state the sharp spur of inevitable necessity quickened her half-stupefied mind into intense activity. Just one week from the day on which her husband died, Mrs. Leslie had a visit from the owner of the house in which she lived. The rent of this house was three hundred dollars a year, and as the landlord had no outside security for his payment, he thought prudent to look somewhat closely into the widow's condition and prospects. He was a coarse straightforward man, who loved money, and knew both how to gain and how to take care of it, but was not, for all that, heartless. After speaking to

Mrs. Leslie of her late bereavement in as appropriate terms as he knew how to use, he put the abrupt question: "What are your prospects, madam?"

"Prospects? How? What? She did not clearly understand him.

"Business is business, madam," said the landlord, "and I am a plain straightforward man. What I wish to know is, whether you are in circumstances to pay the rent of this house; it is, as you know, three hundred dollars a year."

Mrs. Leslie's face grew pale instantly, and she gasped once or twice for breath.

"I have not come to trouble you, ma'am," said the landlord, whose rough heart was touched by the image of distress before him, "but to speak of things as they are, and thus, maybe, save you from some trouble in the future. Try to compose yourself, and look the present right in the face. The rent of this house is three hundred dollars; if you are able to pay it, and wish to remain where you are, I have not a word of objection to make. How is it, Mrs. Leslie?"

"God help me!" ejaculated the miserable woman, bursting into tears. "I am penniless and friendless."

The landlord waited until the poor widow grew calm, then he said: "I will not press this matter upon you to-day. Think over your situation and prospects, and tomorrow your mind will be clearer. I will call in again, and then we can arrange about your removal."

The landlord arose and was passing towards the door when Mrs. Leslie aroused herself with a strong effort, and said: "Oh, stay! No good can come of waiting until tomorrow. Speak out what is in your mind; I can bear to hear it."

The landlord turned and resumed his seat.

"Of course, sir, I am not able to pay the rent of this house, for I have no income. But where can I go? what can I do?"

"If you can't afford to pay the rent, of course I can't afford to let you live in my house. I would soon go to the dogs, at that rate."

Something of the roughness of the man's nature was apparent in his manner. It was as well, perhaps, for it acted as a spur to rouse the young widow's feelings, and thus give her thoughts their needed activity. "I have no wish to remain here, sir," she replied, with forced calmness and some dignity of manner. "I would sooner die with my children than live on charity. Give me a few days to cast around, and I will then move away, and restore your property into your hands. How much rent is now due?"

"A month's rent is all the claim I have, but that I will cheerfully waive, under the circumstances; and beyond this, ma'am, if you want my aid or advice about anything they will be cheerfully given. You have more furniture than you need, in shrinking into a smaller compass with your children. Sell what you can spare; it will bring a good price, and thus secure a little to subsist upon until you can get into the way of earning something. What can you do?" The straightforward landlord's mind went right to first principals, to the question: "What can you do?" as the only hopeful basis of living in the world.

Mrs. Leslie was silent. What could she do? Ah, that was indeed the great question. Her music was forgotten; she had not been in the way of practising since her marriage. Her French had been a mere super-

ficial ornament; she could not teach French. Painting and drawing were a part of her routine in school; but what she had learned of these were of no practical use to her now. She was a trifle skilled in fine needle work and embroidery; plain sewing she had learned since she became a mother. Her thoughts passed all these resources in hurried review, but there was no promise in them.

"What can you do?" the landlord repeated his question.

"I can trust in God," said the despairing widow, with as much firmness of voice as she could throw into the words.

"A poor dependence, without effort, let me tell you. God helps those that help themselves, also."

"It is about the same thing," said the landlord.

"I am willing to help myself," spoke out Mrs. Leslie, with firmness, "I will trust God for the means of doing it."

"Now you are getting into the right way; hold on in this direction and you need not fear or be faint-hearted. I never saw a woman yet, who, if true love gave energy to her purposes, could not keep her little ones around her; and you, my friend, young frail and ignorant of the world as you seem to be, will, I am certain be no exception."

"I thank you, sir, for words of hope and encouragement, and I also except, gratefully your kind offer of aid and advice in this, my great extremity. I see nothing clear before me—no way opening for my feet; all is darkness or uncertainty. But I will look up, striving for patience and hope, and keep my hands ready for the first work that offers."

"That's it," said the landlord, cheerfully. "And now your first work is to decide what articles of furniture you will keep and what you will sell. Reserve enough to furnish two or three small rooms and turn the rest into money. Don't brood over your trouble; don't look ahead with doubt; but do just now what reason tells you it is best to do. This is my doctrine, and I have found it a good one."

There came into the face of Mrs. Leslie a more hopeful aspect; all of its lines grew firmer, until the expression rose into self-reliance. "I will make the selection to-day," she said.

"Very well. Shall I call to-morrow, with an auctioneer, and write out an inventory of all you wish to dispose of?"

This was coming still closer to the hard reality of things, and her sensitive spirit shrank back and shuddered. An auction! She had not thought of this broad exposure of herself to the world.

"Would not a private sale be as well?" suggested Mrs. Leslie, in a faltering voice.

"No," replied the landlord; "you might sell a few things in this way, after hunting about and going through five times the trouble of a vendue. The best way, by all odds, is a public sale; it is quickest done, and will put more money in your pocket, and you need all you can get."

"Do sir, as you think best," Mrs. Leslie could not keep back the sadness from her voice. "I will make my selection by to-morrow."

She set about this at once, resolutely endeavoring to rise above the weakness and depression that bore her down and almost paralyzed her energies. The simple effort to do what it seemed right—to walk forward in the small reach of